

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

PROSPEKT'S MARCH/POPPYFIELDS

WORDS & MUSIC BY

GUY BERRYMAN, CHRIS MARTIN, JON BUCKLAND & WILL CHAMPION

♩ = 74

Bm



G



Bm



Smoke is ris - ing from the hou - ses. Peo-ple bur-y-ing their dead.

Gadd9



Bm



G



I ask some-bod-y what the time is

Bm



G



D/F#



G



but time does-n't mat-ter to them yet. Peo-ple talk - ing with-out

Bm A/C# G

speaking. Try'n - a take what they can get.

Bm A/C# G Bm

I ask you if you re - mem - ber.

E7 Gadd9

Pros-pekt how could I for - get?

Drums,

D Bm7

here it comes.



Don't you wish that life could be as sim - ple as fish



swim-ming 'round in a bar - rel when you've got the gun?



Oh, and I run. Here it comes.



We're just two



lit - tle fi-gures in a soup bowl, try'n - a get the oth - er kind - a con - trol. But I



was - n't one. But here I



lie on my own in a sep - a - rate sky.



And here I lie on my own in a sep - a - rate

Gmaj⁹

A



sky.

I don't wan-na die

F[#]m⁷Gmaj⁹

on my own here to - night.

But here I

A

F[#]m⁷

lie

on my own in a sep - a - rate

3

Gmaj⁹Dadd⁹

sky.